THE LOST WORLD

By **Arthur Conan Doyle**

Adapted for Grade 11

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CHAPTER 1

A Dream of Adventure

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A Dream of Adventure

My name is Edward Malone, and at the time this story began I was a young reporter on the Daily Gazette in London. I was twenty-three, full of energy, and certain that a great life was waiting for me. The problem was that I had no idea how to begin it.

There was also Gladys Hungerton. I admired her more than anyone I had ever met, and one evening I finally asked her to marry me. She did not laugh at me or become angry. Instead, she looked serious and told me that she valued our friendship but did not love me in the way I hoped.

Gladys said "I love a man who has done something brave. Someone who has faced danger, traveled into the unknown, and proved that he can act when it matters."

I tried to joke. "So I must discover a new country before you will consider me?"

"Not for me," she replied. "If a man is truly brave, he does not act just to impress someone else. He acts because courage is part of his character."

Her words stayed with me. I left her house feeling disappointed, but also strangely excited.

London suddenly seemed too safe. I wanted a challenge - something that would test me and give my life a clearer purpose.

The next evening I went straight to my editor, Mr McArdle. He was an experienced newspaper man who had seen every kind of young reporter. When I asked him to send me on a dangerous assignment, he pushed his glasses up and stared at me.

"You want danger?" he said. "Most sensible people want to avoid it." "I want a real story, sir. Something difficult."

He studied me for a moment, then smiled. "Perhaps I do have a job for you. Have you heard of Professor George Edward Challenger?"

Of course I had. Almost everyone in the newspaper world knew his name. Challenger was a famous zoologist, brilliant but extremely difficult. He had recently returned from South America with an extraordinary story about unknown

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animals. When scientists questioned him, he refused to give clear details. When reporters tried to interview him, he often threw them out of his house - sometimes literally.

"Do you want me to interview him?" I asked.

"If you can get through the front door," McArdle replied. "Two years ago Challenger traveled alone through a little-known part of South America. He came back claiming that something remarkable had happened. He had damaged photographs, strange sketches, and a few pieces

of evidence, but he would not reveal the exact place. Most people think he is either mistaken or lying. Find out which."

This was exactly the kind of chance I had been looking for. Yet there was one problem: Challenger hated journalists. If I arrived honestly and said I worked for the Gazette, the interview would probably end before it began.

That night I went to the Savage Club, where many writers and scientists met. I found my friend Tarp Henry, who worked for a scientific journal, and asked what he knew about Challenger.

"He is clever," Henry said, "but impossible. He argues with everyone. At a scientific meeting in Vienna he almost started a battle over a theory of evolution. If you want to speak to him, do not mention newspapers."

That gave me an idea. I asked Henry to find Challenger's latest scientific paper. It was full of technical language I barely understood, but I copied one complicated sentence and used it in a letter. I pretended to be a young student who admired Challenger's work but had a question about one of his arguments.

Henry read the letter and laughed. "You are taking a risk, Malone. He may realize at once that you know nothing about the subject."

"I only need to get inside his study," I said. "After that, I will take my chance."

Two days later a reply arrived. The handwriting looked as aggressive as the man himself. Challenger wrote that my question showed poor understanding, but he was

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willing to explain the matter in person. He gave me an appointment for eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning.

I should have been nervous. Instead, I felt as if my real life had finally begun.

On Wednesday I traveled to Professor Challenger's large house in Kensington. A quiet servant named Austin opened the door. Before he could take me to the study, a small, lively woman stopped me in the hall.

"You have come to see my husband?" she asked. "Yes, Mrs Challenger."

She lowered her voice. "Then I should warn you. George is a perfectly impossible person. If he becomes angry, do not argue too long."

A deep voice suddenly roared from behind a closed door. Austin opened it, and I entered. Professor Challenger sat behind a wide desk covered with books, maps, fossils, and papers.

He was shorter than I expected, but enormously broad. His black beard spread across his chest, and his sharp grey-blue eyes seemed to measure every weakness in me.

"Well?" he demanded. "You are the young man who has difficulty understanding plain science?"

I had entered looking for adventure. I had found it sooner than I expected.

Chapter Summative

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1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain how Gladys's idea of courage changes Malone's plans for his future.

.....

2. Why does Malone ask Mr McArdle to give him a dangerous assignment?

.....

3. Explain why Malone writes to Professor Challenger as if he understands Challenger's scientific work.

.....

4. Analyze what Mr McArdle's reaction to Malone's request reveals about Malone's attitude to danger.

.....

5. How do Mrs Challenger's warning and Challenger's first appearance build suspense at the end of the chapter?

.....

6. Evaluate Malone's decision to use deception in order to get an interview with Challenger. Was his method acceptable? Give reasons.

.....

7. Evaluate Malone's desire for adventure at this stage. Does it show maturity, impulsiveness, or both? Explain.

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Is Gladys a positive influence on Malone at the beginning of the story?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how her words affect Malone's choices.

.....

Evidence: Support your answer with at least two details from the chapter.

.....

2. Is Malone truly ready for the kind of adventure he is seeking by the end of this chapter?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain what his actions reveal about his readiness.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from his behavior with McArdle, Tarp Henry, or Challenger.

.....

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CHAPTER 2

Professor Challenger's Secret

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Professor Challenger's Secret

Professor Challenger began by asking me questions about the scientific article I had mentioned in my letter. At first I tried to answer confidently, but the questions became more technical every minute.

"And what do you think of the recent evidence?" he asked. "Very interesting," I said carefully.

"Which evidence?" I hesitated.

His eyes narrowed. "You know nothing about this subject."

There was no point pretending any longer. "Very little, " I admitted. "Then why are you here?"

I took a breath. "I am a reporter for the Daily Gazette."

For one silent second, nothing happened. Then Challenger rose from his chair like a storm. "A journalist! In my house!"

He came towards me. I told him firmly not to touch me. He ignored the warning. A moment later we were struggling in the hallway, crashing into a chair and rolling through the open front door. We landed together on the steps outside.

A policeman hurried over. Several neighbors stopped to watch. "What happened?" the policeman asked.

My eye was beginning to swell, and Challenger's coat was torn. I could easily have made a complaint. Instead, I remembered that I had entered his house under a false name and had deliberately tricked him.

"It was partly my fault," I said. "I will not press charges."

The policeman looked surprised, but closed his notebook. Challenger stared at me. The anger in his face changed into something almost like respect.

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"Come back inside," he said.

I followed him, wondering whether I was brave or simply foolish.

Back in the study, Challenger closed the door and became suddenly serious. "You behaved better than I would expect from a reporter," he said. "Perhaps I will show you something. But you must promise not to publish it without my permission."

I gave him my word.

He opened a worn sketchbook. "Two years ago I traveled through the Amazon region to study animal life. In a remote village I found a dying American named Maple White. He had reached the village alone after terrible hardship. He died before I could question him."

Among White's belongings, Challenger had found the sketchbook. Most of the early pages showed ordinary river scenes, plants, people, and animals. Then the drawings changed.

One picture showed a line of high red cliffs rising above thick forest. The cliffs seemed to form an enormous natural wall. Another showed a separate rock tower standing near them. On top was a tree.

"A strange landscape," I said, "but hardly impossible." "Continue."

The next drawing stopped me. It showed a huge animal with a heavy body, long tail, and plates rising along its back.

"What is that?"

"That," said Challenger, "is the question. Maple White drew what he saw."

He opened a reference book and showed me an illustration of a prehistoric stegosaurus.

The similarity was remarkable.

"A man can draw anything," I said.

"Of course. Which is why I went to find the place myself."

Challenger explained that he followed White's route using clues in the sketchbook. After weeks of travel, he found the red cliffs. He could not climb onto the high

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plateau, but he saw extraordinary creatures there. He took photographs, though most were damaged later in a river accident.

He showed me one photograph. The image was unclear, but I could see the cliffs and the isolated rock tower. On the tree at the top appeared a large dark shape.

"A bird?" I suggested.

Challenger shook his head. "Look more closely."

He handed me a magnifying glass. The creature did have wings, but its outline was unlike any bird I knew.

Then Challenger opened a drawer and removed a long curved bone with a piece of dried membrane attached.

"This was part of the creature's wing," he said. "I shot it, but most of the body was lost in the river accident."

At first I thought it might come from a giant bat. Challenger pointed out the structure of the bone and compared it with a diagram in a zoology book. Slowly I understood what he was saying.

"A pterodactyl?" I whispered.

"Exactly. A flying reptile from a prehistoric age."

I looked again at Maple White's drawing, the damaged photograph, and the piece of wing. One item alone might have been explained away. Together they were much harder to dismiss.

"You really believe prehistoric animals are still alive on that plateau?" "I do not believe," Challenger said proudly. "I know."

He explained his theory. The plateau had been cut off from the surrounding world for an extremely long time. Its high cliffs formed a natural barrier. Plants and animals that disappeared elsewhere might

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have survived there in isolation.

"Then why not return with other scientists?" I asked.

His expression darkened. He had tried to speak publicly after returning to London, but people had accused him of creating false photographs, and demanded exact directions. Insulted, he had refused to say more.

"Yet truth does not become false because fools refuse to accept it," he said.

For the first time, I saw more than the rude, explosive man described by the newspapers. Challenger was proud and difficult, but he was also completely certain of what he had seen. I believed that he believed his story. More than that, I was beginning to believe it too.

Before I left, he told me about a public lecture at the Zoological Institute the following evening. A well-known speaker would discuss the history of life on Earth. Challenger expected his South American claims to be mentioned.

"Attend if you wish," he said. "You may find the evening educational."

As I stepped into the London street, the ordinary traffic seemed suddenly unreal.

Somewhere beyond the Atlantic, perhaps, there was a high red wall of rock where creatures from millions of years ago still moved through the forest.

I had wanted a great adventure. Now I knew where it might begin.

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Why does Challenger invite Malone back into the house after their fight?

.....

2. Explain how Maple White's sketchbook, the damaged photograph, and the wing fragment support Challenger's claim.

.....

3. Explain Challenger's theory about how prehistoric animals could survive on the isolated plateau.

.....

4. Analyze how Challenger's difficult personality may make people doubt a story that may actually be true.

.....

5. Analyze how Malone's attitude changes from skepticism to growing belief during the chapter.

.....

6. Why are the different pieces of evidence more convincing together than any one piece would be alone?

.....

7. Evaluate Challenger's decision to keep the exact location of the plateau secret. Was he justified? Give reasons.

.....

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8. Evaluate the effect of Challenger's violent behavior on his scientific credibility. Does it weaken his case? Explain.

.....

JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Is Malone justified in believing Challenger by the end of the chapter?

Justify: State your judgment.

Reasoning: Explain why the evidence changes, or fails to change, Malone's view.

.....

Evidence: Use specific evidence Challenger shows Malone.

.....

2. Can Challenger be considered a trustworthy scientist despite his rude and aggressive behavior?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Separate his personality from the quality of his evidence.

.....

Evidence: Support your answer with at least two details from the chapter.

.....

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CHAPTER 3

The Expedition Is Chosen

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The Expedition Is Chosen

The lecture hall of the Zoological Institute was crowded. Professor Challenger sat near the front, impossible to miss because of his great black beard and powerful build.

At first the lecture was calm. The speaker described how life had changed over millions of years. Then he mentioned stories of prehistoric creatures surviving in remote regions. There was laughter from part of the audience.

Challenger stood at once.

"There is nothing amusing about evidence," he said loudly.

The chairman asked him to sit down, but the room was already excited. Professor Summerlee, a thin, elderly scientist with a sharp face and an even sharper voice, challenged him directly.

"If Professor Challenger has really found living prehistoric animals," Summerlee said, "let him tell us where they are and provide proof that can be tested."

Challenger faced him. "Would you be willing to test it yourself?" The room became silent.

Summerlee lifted his chin. "Yes."

"Then I will give a properly chosen committee enough information to reach the place. You may examine it with your own eyes."

The audience exploded in cheers and questions.

Challenger raised a hand. "Professor Summerlee should

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not travel alone. The journey will be difficult and dangerous. He will require younger companions. Who volunteers?"

I do not remember deciding to stand. One moment I was seated; the next I was on my feet. "Edward Malone, Daily Gazette," I called. "I volunteer."

Another man stood at almost the same time. He was tall, thin, and sun-browned, with calm blue eyes.

"Lord John Roxton," he said. "I know the Amazon country and have traveled there before."

Everyone recognized the name. Lord John was famous as an explorer, sportsman, and hunter. Challenger immediately proposed that Summerlee, Roxton, and I should form the investigating party.

The motion was accepted. In a few astonishing minutes, my future had changed completely.

Outside the hall Lord John caught up with me. "So we are to be traveling companions, Mr Malone. Come to my rooms. We should get to know one another."

His home was full of maps, books, equipment, and trophies from earlier journeys. Yet he spoke without showing off. He wanted to know whether I could shoot, climb, swim, and keep calm under pressure.

"I can learn what I do not know," I told him.

"Good answer. South America is not a place for a man who thinks he already knows everything."

Lord John told me that during one of his earlier journeys, he had become involved in a serious dispute with a powerful rubber-trading group led by a man named Pedro Lopez. Local workers were being treated unfairly and forced to work under terrible conditions. Lord John helped them escape from the group's control and brought an end to Lopez's influence in the area.

"It made me some loyal friends," he said, "and some dangerous enemies. But I know the rivers, the language used by many local traders and guides, and the kind

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of men we may need. That could keep us alive."

Over the next weeks we prepared for the expedition. Professor Summerlee remained openly doubtful about Challenger's claims, but he was determined to investigate them properly. I respected his honesty. He might be skeptical, but he was willing to risk a long journey to discover the truth.

Before we left England, I visited Gladys.

"I am going to South America," I told her. "There may be real danger."

For a moment her eyes brightened with interest. "Then you have found your chance."

I wanted to say that I was doing it for her, but I remembered her earlier words. A brave act done only to win approval was not true courage. So I simply said, "I hope I can make good use of it."

We sailed across the Atlantic and reached Brazil. At Para we hired several men to help us. The most important was Zambo, a huge, cheerful man who was strong, loyal, and practical. We also employed two experienced river men, Gomez and Manuel, and several Indigenous boatmen who knew the upper waterways far better than any European traveler.

Lord John chose the team carefully. Summerlee spent much of his time studying insects and plants. I kept notes for the Gazette. Every day the expedition felt more real.

Our written instructions from Challenger were to be opened at Manaos at exactly noon on 15 July. The envelope remained sealed during the journey.

At last the day arrived. We sat around a table in a shaded house outside Manaos. Lord John placed his watch beside the envelope.

"Noon," he said, and cut it open. Inside was a single sheet of paper. It was blank.

Summerlee stared at it. "This is ridiculous."

Before anyone could answer, a deep familiar voice came from the doorway. "On the contrary, Professor Summerlee. It is perfectly sensible."

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Professor Challenger walked into the room.

He had secretly traveled to Brazil and planned to guide us himself. No written directions, he explained, could be as reliable as his own memory. He had kept his decision private because he did not want arguments, reporters, or curious travelers following him.

Summerlee looked horrified. “You mean I must spend the whole journey with you?”

“The scientific value of my company will more than compensate for any personal discomfort,” Challenger replied.

Lord John laughed. “Then our team is complete.”

Challenger spread a map across the table, though the final destination was not marked.

“We leave tomorrow,” he said. “From this point onwards, we are going into a country that very few outsiders have seen. Later we will go beyond even that.”

I looked around the table at the four of us - Challenger, Summerlee, Lord John, and myself.

We were different in age, character, and purpose. Yet we now shared one question. Was there truly a lost world waiting beyond the Amazon?

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain why Professor Summerlee agrees to test Challenger's claims in person.

.....

2. How do Malone and Lord John Roxton become members of the expedition?

.....

3. Explain why Challenger sends a blank sheet of paper and then appears in Manaos himself.

.....

4. Analyze the contrast between Challenger and Summerlee. How might their different personalities affect the expedition?

.....

5. How do the four main members of the expedition bring different strengths to the team?

.....

6. Analyze how Malone's final conversation with Gladys before leaving England shows a change in his motivation.

.....

7. Evaluate Malone's decision to volunteer publicly for the journey. Was it courageous, impulsive, or both? Explain.

.....

8. Evaluate Challenger's decision to hide his plan to join the expedition. Was his secrecy sensible or unnecessary? Give reasons.

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Was forming a team with such different personalities a wise decision?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how their differences could help or harm the expedition.

.....

Evidence: Refer to details about at least two team members.

.....

2. Is Summerlee's skepticism valuable to the expedition?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain why questioning Challenger may help or hinder the search for truth.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from the meeting or the preparations for the journey.

.....

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CHAPTER 4

Into the Unknown

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Into the Unknown

Lord John had hired a steam launch called the Esmeralda to carry us up the Amazon. The river was so wide that, even far inland, the opposite bank often looked like a distant shadow. Day after day we moved through heat, rain, brilliant sunlight, and walls of green forest.

Challenger refused to reveal our exact route. He made all of us promise that, even if we returned safely, we would not publish enough information for strangers to locate the plateau. He said careless visitors could destroy a place that science had barely discovered.

After several days we left the main river and entered a large tributary. It gradually became narrower. At a small riverside village, Challenger ordered the Esmeralda back to Manaos.

“From here we use canoes,” he said. “Soon there will be rapids. A steam launch cannot continue.”

We hired two local guides who had accompanied Challenger during his earlier journey.

They were clearly frightened by the idea of returning, but they knew the route.

For several days our canoes moved through a beautiful green waterway. Monkeys watched us from branches. Bright birds stood on fallen logs. Once we saw a puma disappear into the forest. The animals seemed less afraid of humans the farther we traveled.

Then the water became too shallow. We hid the canoes and continued on foot, carrying food, rifles, blankets, instruments, and medical supplies.

The land rose steadily. Thick tropical forest gave way to palms, rocky slopes, orchids, bamboo, and wide areas of tree-ferns. Progress was exhausting. Sometimes we spent an entire day cutting a path through bamboo so dense that we could see only a few meters ahead.

Challenger and Summerlee argued constantly.

“We should follow the compass,” Challenger insisted one morning.

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“We should follow the men who have actually walked through this country,” Summerlee replied.

Lord John usually prevented the arguments from becoming serious. “Save your energy, gentlemen. You may need it for something with bigger teeth.”

On the ninth day after leaving the canoes, Challenger suddenly stopped and pointed.

A huge grey shape rose from the plain ahead. It flapped slowly, flew low across the tree- ferns, and disappeared behind the forest.

“A pterodactyl!” Challenger cried.

Summerlee gave a short laugh. “A large bird.”

Lord John had been watching through field glasses. “I cannot tell you what it was,” he said, “but I can tell you I have never seen a bird shaped like that.”

The next day we crossed a ridge and saw the cliffs.

They were exactly as Maple White had drawn them: a vast red wall rising high above the plain, with thick vegetation along the top. Near one section stood a separate rocky tower with a tree growing on its summit.

Even Summerlee became quiet. “Well?” Challenger asked proudly.

“The cliffs exist,” Summerlee said. “That proves the cliffs exist. Nothing more.”

We spent several days searching for a way up. The main wall was almost vertical. At one point we found the entrance of an old cave, but the passage was blocked. We climbed surrounding hills and examined cracks and ledges. Nothing reached the plateau.

Then Challenger noticed that the separate rock tower stood close to the main cliff. If we could climb the tower and somehow cross the gap, we might reach the top.

The climb was difficult but possible. We carried a rope up and reached the tree that grew on the tower. From there we could see the green edge of the plateau only a short distance away - but between us and it was a deep chasm.

Lord John looked at the tree. “If we cut it down in the right direction, it could fall across the gap.”

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For hours we worked with axes. At last the tree began to move. It fell slowly, then crashed across the chasm with its upper branches landing on the plateau.

We had a bridge.

Challenger insisted on going first. He sat astride the trunk and moved carefully across.

When he reached the far side, he climbed onto the plateau and raised both arms.

Summerlee crossed next, carrying two rifles. I followed.

Lord John came last, walking with a balance and calm that I could hardly believe.

For the first time, all four of us stood inside Maple White Land.

The air was warm and still. Thick bushes grew near the cliff, while taller trees formed a dark forest beyond. Strange calls came from somewhere in the distance.

Challenger's face shone with triumph.

"Professor Summerlee," he said, "we can now begin the investigation you demanded." Summerlee adjusted his glasses. "We can begin it. I have not yet said how it will end."

We moved about fifty meters into the bushes.

Then we heard a terrible cracking sound behind us. We ran back.

The tree bridge was gone. Far below, its broken trunk lay at the foot of the cliff.

At first we thought it had slipped. Then a face appeared on the opposite rock tower.

It was Gomez.

His calm expression had disappeared. He looked across the gap at Lord John with open hatred.

"You are trapped now!" he shouted. Lord John stepped forward. "Why?"

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Gomez laughed. “Think of Pedro Lopez. He was my brother. You killed him. I have waited years for this.”

So the past had followed us into the unknown.

Gomez had pushed the tree from the tower after we crossed. The four of us were now on a plateau surrounded by cliffs, with no known road down.

“Your bones will stay up there,” Gomez called.

A moment later Lord John raised his rifle. Gomez disappeared behind the rock. We heard shouting and then silence.

Below us, however, Zambo had remained loyal. He climbed the opposite tower as soon as Gomez and the others were gone.

“Tell me what to do!” he shouted.

We used a thin rope to pull food and ammunition across the gap. Zambo promised to stay below and help us in any way he could.

As night came, we camped near the cliff with only a small lantern. Behind us stretched the unexplored forest of the plateau.

We had reached the lost world. And now we could not leave it.

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain why the explorers leave the Esmeralda and continue by canoe and later on foot.

.....

2. Explain how the explorers use the tree on the rock tower to reach the plateau.

.....

3. Why does Gomez destroy the tree bridge after the explorers cross it?

.....

4. How are Zambo and Gomez presented as contrasting examples of loyalty and betrayal?

.....

5. Analyze how the sighting of the strange flying creature develops the conflict between evidence and scepticism.

.....

6. Evaluate the explorers' decision to cross the tree bridge. Was the scientific goal worth the physical risk? Give reasons.

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Does Zambo deserve to be considered one of the heroes of the expedition?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain what makes his actions important after the betrayal.

.....

Evidence: Support your answer with details from the chapter.

.....

2. Do Lord John's past actions help explain Gomez's betrayal?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how Lord John's actions against Pedro Lopez's group may have influenced Gomez.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence about Pedro Lopez, Gomez, and the trapped explorers.

.....

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CHAPTER 5

Trapped in the Lost World

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Trapped in the Lost World

Our first task was simple: find water and a safe place to camp. We followed a small stream into the forest and built a rough shelter in an open area surrounded by thorny branches. Lord John called it “Fort Challenger”. Professor Challenger pretended to dislike the joke, but I noticed that he did not suggest a different name.

The plateau was unlike any place I had ever seen. Some plants looked familiar, while others seemed larger or older in form. Insects of brilliant colors moved through the air. Every distant sound made us stop and listen.

We did not have to wait long for proof that Challenger had been right.

One morning we entered a broad glade and saw several enormous animals feeding among the trees. They stood on powerful back legs, using shorter front legs to pull down branches.

Their heads were small compared with their heavy bodies and long tails. “Iguanodons,” Challenger whispered.

Even Summerlee forgot to argue. His face changed from doubt to amazement.

There were adults and young ones. For several minutes we watched them in silence. “You were right,” Summerlee said at last.

Challenger looked almost disappointed. “Of course I was right.”

Their peace did not last. The next time we returned, one of the great plant-eaters had been torn apart. Deep claw and tooth marks showed that a far more dangerous animal lived nearby.

“A large carnivorous dinosaur,” Summerlee said. “Possibly an allosaurus,” Challenger replied.

Lord John checked his rifle. “Call it what you like. I prefer not to meet it at close range.” Another discovery was even more disturbing.

We heard a constant harsh crying from a rocky hollow and crawled forward to investigate.

Below us lay a swampy basin filled with pterodactyls. Hundreds of them crowded

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around pools of green water. Young animals moved between leathery eggs, while large adults rested on rocks with folded wings.

For Challenger and Summerlee, it was a scientific treasure. They whispered excitedly about wings, teeth, nesting behavior, and species. Lord John and I were more interested in the animals' sharp beaks and watchful eyes.

We tried to withdraw quietly, but one creature saw us. Its cry was answered by others. In seconds the sky seemed full of wings.

"Run!" Lord John shouted.

We raced towards the trees. Beaks snapped near our heads. Wings struck our shoulders. One pterodactyl stabbed me in the neck with its beak. Lord John's coat was torn. Challenger was knocked down. At last Lord John fired his rifle and the attack weakened enough for us to escape beneath thicker branches.

Summerlee, bleeding from a cut on his forehead, looked back toward the swamp. "Remarkable," he said.

"Remarkable?" Lord John replied. "They nearly killed us." "That does not make them less remarkable."

The scientists collected every fact they could, even when the facts had teeth.

When we returned to Fort Challenger, we found another problem. Something had entered the camp while we were away. Food tins had been crushed. A wooden ammunition box had been broken. Supplies were scattered across the ground.

There were no clear footprints. "Whatever did this was strong," I said.

"And clever enough to enter without breaking the thorn wall," Lord John added.

A large branch hung over one side of the camp. Something could have climbed

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through the tree.

That night we kept two fires burning and took turns on watch.

In the following days we explored carefully. We saw more iguanodons, giant insects, strange birds, and tracks we could not identify. Once, at dusk, a huge shadow moved between the trees. It was too large to be any modern animal I knew.

Despite the danger, Challenger was happier than I had ever seen him. The plateau was proving his story in every direction. Summerlee, now convinced that prehistoric life had survived, became just as energetic. Their arguments continued, but the subject had changed. They no longer argued about whether the lost world existed; they argued about how to classify everything inside it.

Lord John focused on survival. He chose safe paths, watched the wind, studied animal tracks, and never allowed us to walk carelessly into thick cover.

I tried to do both jobs: observe and survive. I was a reporter, and I knew that if we ever returned to London, people would want a clear record of what we had seen.

But returning was still the great question.

Every day we went to the cliff and called to Zambo. He remained at his little camp below, faithful to his promise. Some of the Indigenous guides had gone back toward the river, carrying letters from me and requests for strong rope. We could only hope help would eventually arrive.

Meanwhile the plateau held another mystery.

More than once we had the feeling that we were being watched.

A shadow moved high in a tree and disappeared. We heard a clicking call unlike any bird.

Food vanished from places we thought were secure. Once Lord John found a footprint that looked disturbingly human, but broader and heavier.

“There may be people here,” I said.

“Or something close to people,” Challenger replied.

Summerlee frowned. “Let us not create a theory before we have evidence.” It was

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good advice. Yet the forest seemed to be giving us a warning.

One afternoon I climbed a high tree at the edge of a clearing. From the upper branches I hoped to see more of the plateau and perhaps discover a possible escape route.

The view was astonishing.

The plateau was far larger than I had imagined. Forest covered most of it, but in the center lay a broad lake shining in the sun. On the far side I could make out a line of cliffs with dark openings that might be caves.

Then I noticed something else.

A thin line of smoke rose near those caves. Smoke meant fire.

And fire usually meant people.

I climbed down with my mind racing.

The lost world was not only a land of prehistoric animals. Someone - or something - was living there too.

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain how the iguanodons provide strong evidence that Challenger's story is true.

.....

2. What happens at the pterodactyl swamp, and why are the explorers forced to escape quickly?

.....

3. Explain what the damaged supplies at Fort Challenger suggest about another danger on the plateau.

.....

4. Analyze how Summerlee's reaction to the prehistoric animals shows a change in his role as the expedition's skeptic.

.....

5. How does the chapter present the lost world as both wonderful and dangerous?

.....

6. Analyze the contrast between the scientists' excitement and Lord John's practical response during the pterodactyl encounter.

.....

7. Evaluate the explorers' decision to continue studying the plateau while they are trapped instead of focusing only on escape.

.....

8. Evaluate their decision to approach the pterodactyl rookery. Were they careful enough for the level of danger? Explain.

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. By the end of this chapter, has Challenger's scientific claim been fully proved to the other explorers?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain why the discoveries are or are not enough.

.....

Evidence: Use at least two discoveries from the chapter.

.....

2. Is scientific curiosity shown as a strength or a danger in this chapter?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how curiosity affects the explorers' choices.

.....

Evidence: Support your answer with details from the iguanodons, pterodactyls, or the camp.

.....

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CHAPTER 6

Malone's Night Adventure

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Malone's Night Adventure

My companions were pleased with what I had seen from the tree. That evening, by the light of our fire, I drew a rough map of the plateau. We marked the cliff where we had entered, the forest, the pterodactyl swamp, and the large lake in the center.

"The man who first saw the lake should name it," Lord John said. I thought of Gladys and the reason I had first wanted adventure. "Lake Gladys," I said.

Summerlee gave me a dry look, but Challenger nodded. "Lake Gladys it is."

I should have been satisfied with the day's work. Instead, I became restless. I wanted to prove that I could contribute more than notes and maps. I also wanted to examine the signs of human life near the far side of the lake.

That night, after the others were asleep, I took a rifle, some food, and a small electric lamp.

I left Fort Challenger alone.

At first the forest was peaceful. Moonlight appeared through gaps in the leaves. I followed the stream, using the map in my head. The farther I traveled, the more foolish my decision seemed, but pride kept me moving.

After several hours I reached the lake.

Its surface reflected the moon. For a few minutes I forgot the danger and simply watched.

Then a heavy shape moved near the water.

An enormous stegosaurus stepped into the open.

I recognized it immediately from Maple White's drawing. Plates rose along its back, and spikes extended from its tail. It lowered its head to drink, completely unaware of me.

I wanted to shout with excitement, but I remained still. This was living proof of a world that should have disappeared millions of years ago.

Then the stegosaurus suddenly lifted its head. It had heard something.

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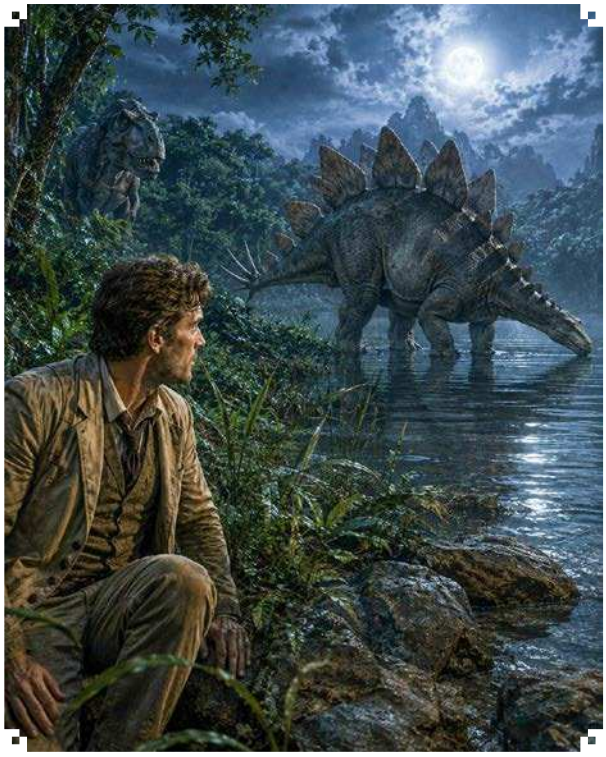
So had I.

A deep movement came from the bushes behind me. I turned and saw two shining eyes.

The creature that stepped into the moonlight was built for killing. It stood on powerful back legs with a long tail for balance. Its huge head was filled with teeth. Whether it was an allosaurus or another great hunter, I did not care. It had seen me.

I ran.



Branches struck my face as I pushed through the forest. Behind me I heard heavy feet crashing closer. I fired once over my shoulder. The shot did not stop it.

The ground suddenly vanished.

I fell several meters into a deep pit and landed painfully on soft earth.

For a moment I could not breathe. I expected the dinosaur to fall after me, but it stopped at the edge. Its head appeared against the sky. It snapped its jaws and roared, unable to reach me.

Eventually it moved away.

I examined the pit. Its sides were too straight to be natural. Sharp stakes had once been placed at the bottom, though many were broken or rotten. This was a trap made by intelligent hands.

The smoke I had seen from the tree had not been an accident. People really did live on the plateau.

It took me a long time to climb out using roots and cracks in the wall. By dawn I was exhausted, covered in mud, and far from camp.

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When I finally returned to Fort Challenger, something was wrong. The camp was silent.

Challenger, Summerlee, and Lord John had disappeared.

There were signs of struggle. Equipment had been thrown aside. Some food was missing.

On the ground I found broken branches and several broad footprints. I called until my throat hurt. No one answered.

For the first time since we reached the plateau, I felt completely alone.

I spent the day searching nearby paths, but found no clear trail. At sunset I returned to camp and prepared for a lonely night. I had almost fallen asleep when a hand touched my arm.

I reached for my rifle - then stopped. Lord John Roxton knelt beside me.

He looked terrible. His clothes were torn, his face scratched, and he was breathing hard.

“Quickly, Malone,” he whispered. “Take the rifles, cartridges, and some food. We cannot stay here.”

I followed him into thick bushes where he had chosen a hiding place. “Where are the professors?” I asked.

“Captured.” “By whom?”

Lord John’s face became hard. “Ape-men.”

He told me what had happened. Before dawn, while the others were waking, large creatures dropped from the branches above the camp. They were covered with reddish hair, but they walked upright. They carried clubs and stones, communicated with one another, and used strong vines to tie their prisoners.

Lord John had fired at them, but they attacked too quickly. The three men were overwhelmed.

“They are stronger than ordinary men,” he said. “And they are clever. Not human as we are, but not simply animals either.”

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The ape-men had carried Challenger, Summerlee, and Lord John through the forest. Their leader was a powerful older creature.

Then Lord John gave a tired smile.

“You will not believe this part. The chief looks like Challenger. Same broad shoulders, same beard, same angry expression. Even Summerlee laughed when he saw them together.”

The strange similarity may have saved Challenger. The ape-men treated him differently, almost as if they considered him important. Summerlee and Lord John were handled far more roughly.

During the confusion, Lord John managed to escape. He had returned to find me and collect weapons.

“Can we rescue them?” I asked.

“We must try. But there is more. The ape-men have other prisoners - humans from another part of the plateau. I saw several of them being dragged towards the ape settlement.”

He checked his rifle.

“If we move carefully, we may reach them before it is too late.”

I looked at the dark forest. Only a few hours earlier I had been proud of my solo journey. Now it seemed childish. Courage was not wandering into danger to prove something about yourself.

Real courage was going back into danger because other people needed you. “Lead the way,” I said.

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain why Malone decides to leave Fort Challenger alone at night.

.....

2. How does the deep pit give Malone evidence that humans live on the plateau?

.....

3. Explain what Malone learns from Lord John about the disappearance of Challenger and Summerlee.

.....

4. How does Malone's solo adventure develop his character?

.....

5. Analyze how pride influences Malone's decision to continue traveling alone even when he begins to feel unsafe.

.....

6. Analyze the significance of Lord John's return and the news that Challenger and Summerlee have been captured.

.....

7. Evaluate Malone's decision to explore alone. Was it brave, reckless, or a mixture of both? Support your answer.

.....

8. Evaluate Malone's decision to name the lake after Gladys. What does it suggest about his motivation at this stage?

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Has Malone become more mature by the end of this chapter?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how his idea of courage has changed.

.....

Evidence: Refer to his actions or thoughts before and after the night journey.

.....

2. Does the chapter support the idea that real courage means helping others rather than proving yourself?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain the difference between Malone's solo journey and his decision to return into danger with Lord John.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from both parts of the chapter.

.....

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CHAPTER 7

Prisoners of the Ape-Men

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Prisoners of the Ape-Men

Lord John and I moved slowly through the forest. We avoided open ground and stopped whenever we heard the strange clicking calls of the ape-men. More than once we hid in bushes while a group passed close by.

Near the cliff we could see Zambo far below, still waiting at his camp. I wanted to call to him, but Lord John shook his head. A shout could reveal our position.

After two hours he raised one hand and pointed ahead.

Through the leaves I saw a large clearing. Huts made from branches had been built high in the surrounding trees. Ape-men crowded the branches and the ground below. In the center stood several prisoners.

I recognized Professor Summerlee at once. His clothes were torn and his head was bowed.

Challenger stood nearby, guarded but not tied as tightly. Beside them were several small, strong-looking human prisoners - members of the group whose smoke I had seen near the lake.

Lord John pulled me back into cover.

“We wait until we have a clear shot,” he whispered. What happened next was difficult to watch.

The ape-men led one of the human prisoners to the edge of the cliff. Far below, sharp bamboo canes grew from the ground. The prisoners were being forced over the edge as part of a cruel ceremony.

One man was thrown.

The ape-men shouted and jumped with excitement. Summerlee was brought forward next.

Challenger struggled against his guards. He shouted and tried to stop them, but the

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ape chief pushed him aside.

Lord John raised his rifle. “Now,” he said.

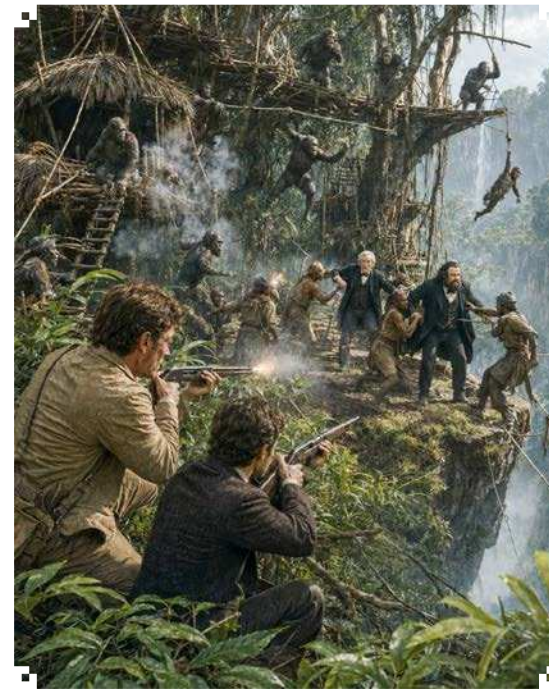
His first shot hit the chief. The creature fell.

I fired at the guards holding Summerlee. Lord John fired again. Confusion spread through the clearing. The ape-men had never faced rifles at close range. They did not understand where the sudden attack was coming from.

“Move!” Lord John shouted.

Challenger seized Summerlee and pulled him towards the trees. I ran out to meet them and pushed a loaded rifle into Challenger’s hands. Lord John covered our retreat.

The remaining human prisoners followed us. Ape-men rushed from the bushes behind, but each time they came too close, Lord John’s accurate shooting forced them back.



Summerlee was exhausted and could barely walk. Challenger and I supported him between us.

After a long, desperate retreat, we reached our hidden shelter in the thick bushes.

For several minutes no one spoke.

Then Summerlee looked at me. “Mr Malone,” he said weakly, “I believe I owe you and Lord John a considerable debt.”

“You can repay it by staying alive,” Lord John replied.

The rescued prisoners called themselves Accala. We could not understand their language, but one young man was clearly their leader. He had a shaved area at the

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front of his head and carried himself with quiet authority. The others treated him with great respect.

Using gestures, he explained that the Accala lived in caves on the far side of Lake Gladys. The ape-men controlled the forest on this side of the plateau. The two groups had fought for generations. The ape-men often captured Accala hunters and carried them away.

The young chief repeatedly pointed towards the lake, then at us, then toward the forest of the ape-men. He wanted to return to his people.

“We should go with them,” Challenger said. “Their caves may reveal how humans first reached the plateau.”

Summerlee looked at him in disbelief. “Our first task is to escape this place.”

“And how do you propose to do that without learning more about its inhabitants?”

For once, Lord John ended the argument quickly. “The ape-men know our old camp. We cannot stay here. The Accala have friends, food, and a defensible position. We go with them.”

The next afternoon we started across the plateau.

We were a strange group: four exhausted travelers carrying modern rifles, several rescued Accala, and a young chief guiding us through a land of dinosaurs.

At the shore of Lake Gladys, the Accala suddenly began shouting with joy. A fleet of canoes was moving across the water towards us.

The young chief’s people had come looking for him.

When the canoes reached shore, dozens of Accala rushed forward. They embraced the rescued men and surrounded their young leader. Many then turned toward us and bowed or touched our hands. It was clear that they understood we had helped save him.

We crossed the lake in their canoes. For the first time I saw the far cliffs closely. Many dark cave entrances opened high above the ground, reached by narrow stone steps.

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The Accala village was protected from large animals by its height. Inside the caves were sleeping areas, stores, tools, and drawings of the plateau's creatures. The walls showed iguanodons, flying reptiles, huge fish-like animals, and many shapes we had not yet seen.

Challenger and Summerlee forgot their exhaustion. They examined everything. "A natural record of the animal life," Summerlee said.

"And perhaps of its history," Challenger added.

That evening the Accala held a council. The young chief spoke passionately, pointing again and again toward the forest of the ape-men. We could not follow his words, but we understood the meaning.

He wanted to fight.

Lord John watched him carefully. "He thinks this is his chance. Their enemies have captured and killed his people for years. Now he has us and our rifles."

Summerlee frowned. "We did not come here to join a war."

"No," Lord John said, "but the ape-men will come after us anyway. And these people saved us by giving us shelter."

Challenger nodded. "If their victory also gives us safe access to the plateau, it may be necessary."

I thought of the prisoners at the cliff. I did not want more violence, but I knew the ape-men were already hunting us.

The next morning, hundreds of Accala gathered with spears and bows. The four of us checked our rifles.

The expedition had come to search for scientific truth.

Now we were about to take part in a battle for the lost world.

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain how Lord John and Malone rescue Summerlee, Challenger, and the Accala prisoners.

.....

2. Explain who the Accala are and what conflict has existed between them and the ape-men.

.....

3. Why do the explorers decide to travel with the Accala and why does the cave settlement interest the scientists?

.....

4. How does the rescue scene show the value of teamwork and the different strengths of the explorers?

.....

5. Analyze the disagreement between Summerlee and the others about becoming involved in the Accala conflict.

.....

6. Analyze the importance of the drawings inside the Accala caves as a record of life on the plateau.

.....

7. Evaluate the explorers' decision to take part in the coming battle. Was it justified, or did it take them too far from their original mission?

.....

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8. Evaluate Lord John's decision to leave the old camp and travel with the Accala. Was it the safest option available? Explain.

.....

JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Are the explorers right to support the Accala against the ape-men?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain the strongest reason for your view.

.....

Evidence: Use details about the prisoners, the danger to the explorers, or the Accala's help.

.....

2. At this point, should the expedition make escape its first priority rather than further scientific exploration?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain which goal is more urgent and why.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from Summerlee's argument and the group's situation.

.....

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CHAPTER 8

The Battle for the Plateau

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The Battle for the Plateau

The Accala force moved towards the forest in a long line. Scouts went ahead, while the main group followed with bows and spears. Lord John and Summerlee took the right side. Challenger and I moved on the left.

No one spoke much. Even Challenger seemed to understand that this was not a scientific demonstration.

The first attack came suddenly.

A group of ape-men rushed from the trees, swinging heavy clubs and throwing stones. The Accala were faster. They moved aside, fired arrows and spears, and surrounded the attackers before they could break the line.

The battle became more dangerous inside the forest.

Ape-men dropped from branches. Others charged from behind bushes. Their strength was enormous. One blow broke Summerlee's rifle. An Accala warrior pulled him away before another strike could reach him.

Our rifles gave the Accala an important advantage, but we used them only when the fighting came close. Lord John moved calmly from one position to another, never wasting a shot.

After more than an hour, the ape-men began to retreat. The Accala followed.

We reached their tree settlement later that day. The fighting there was fierce but short. The power of the ape-men was broken, and their organized resistance ended. Many were killed during the battle and pursuit. The surviving females and young were taken under Accala control. It was a harsh ending to a conflict that had lasted for generations, and I found little joy in it.

Challenger, however, viewed the event as a turning point in the history of the plateau.

Summerlee had a simpler response.

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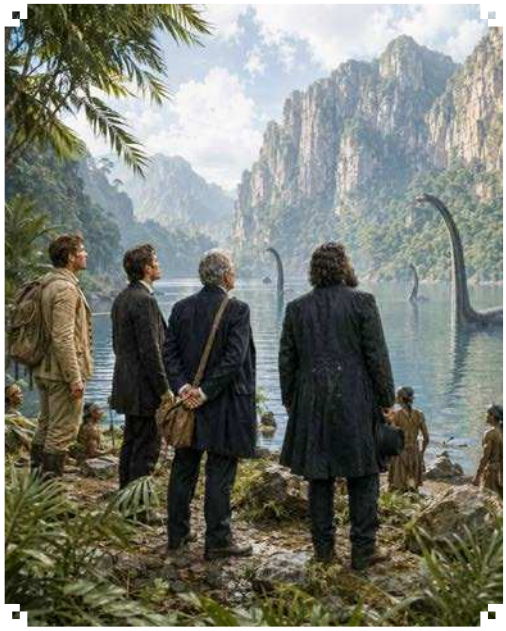
“I have seen enough battles for one lifetime,” he said. “Now let us return to science - and then, if possible, to London.”

The victory changed our position completely. The Accala now treated us as honored allies. We could travel more safely through much of the plateau, and they invited us to stay in their caves.

We chose to camp nearby instead. Lord John did not want to depend completely on people whose language we still could not understand.

For the next several days our attention returned to exploration.



At Lake Gladys we saw creatures with long necks and powerful swimming bodies.

Challenger and Summerlee agreed that they resembled plesiosaurs, marine reptiles known from fossils. Seeing them alive in fresh water was almost impossible to accept, even after everything else we had witnessed.

We also learned that the Accala treated some iguanodons like herds of cattle. Marks on the animals showed different owners. The huge plant-eaters could be guided and controlled far more easily than their size suggested.

But the plateau still contained predators that no one could control.

One afternoon people began racing toward the caves. A warning cry spread through the camp. Two enormous meat-eating dinosaurs burst from the edge of the forest, chasing a group of hunters.

They moved with frightening speed.

Lord John and I fired. One turned toward us, and for a moment I saw its open jaws and powerful legs coming directly across the grass. More shots followed. The

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creature fell only a short distance away.

The Accala did not treat the event as unusual. To them, the dinosaurs were part of daily life. For us, every new creature expanded the list of discoveries we hoped to carry home.

Summerlee collected insects and plants. Challenger made notes about reptiles and geology. Lord John preserved the skull of a huge flightless predatory bird called a *Phorusrhacos* after we encountered one near the lake. We also observed a large, heavy plant-eating mammal about the size of a rhinoceros, which the professors identified as a toxodon.

Yet our scientific success made the problem of escape more urgent. We had evidence that could change what people understood about natural history. If we died on the plateau, most of that knowledge would disappear with us.

We asked the Accala how they had reached the plateau. Through signs and drawings, they showed us that an old passage had once connected the cliffs with the land below. An earthquake had blocked the upper part about a year earlier.

That explained why Maple White and perhaps others had been able to enter in the past. “So there was a road,” I said.

“There was,” Summerlee replied. “That is not the same as saying there is one now.”

The Accala were surprisingly unwilling to help us leave. At first we thought they did not understand. Then the reason became clearer. They believed our weapons had brought them victory. They wanted us to stay as protectors.

Whenever we asked for long ropes, strong leather strips, or timber for an escape bridge, they smiled and refused.

Only the young chief we had rescued - whose name sounded to us like Maretas - showed sympathy. He watched our failed attempts and seemed troubled.

Meanwhile we continued to communicate with Zambo below the original cliff whenever we could reach that side of the plateau. He had not abandoned us.

“Help will come,” he called up. “I stay here!”

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His loyalty gave us hope, but a rescue party could do little if we had no safe way down from the top.

One evening Challenger announced that he had a plan.

“I require several days,” he said, “and I require that none of you interfere.” Summerlee sighed. “That sentence has never led to anything peaceful.” Challenger only smiled.

At almost the same time, Lord John began making private journeys towards the pterodactyl swamp. He built a light cage from bent canes and carried it around himself as protection from attacking beaks.

“What are you doing there?” I asked. “Studying,” he said.

“Studying what?”

“You will find out when I am ready.”

So, while the professors searched for knowledge, Lord John followed a secret of his own, and Challenger worked on an even stranger idea.

We had survived dinosaurs, betrayal, captivity, and battle. Our final enemy was the cliff itself.

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain how the battle changes the explorers' position on the plateau.

.....

2. Explain what new scientific discoveries the explorers make after the battle.

.....

3. Explain why the Accala are unwilling to help the explorers leave the plateau.

.....

4. What is the difference between Malone's and Challenger's reactions to the end of the battle? What does this reveal about their values?

.....

5. Analyze why Lord John chooses to keep the explorers' camp separate from the Accala caves.

.....

6. Analyze why the explorers' growing collection of scientific evidence makes escape more urgent, not less.

.....

7. Evaluate Lord John's decision to keep the group independent from the Accala. Was this a wise precaution? Explain.

.....

8. Evaluate the decision to continue exploring after the battle even though dangerous predators still live on the plateau.

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Does victory in the battle solve the explorers' main problem?

Justify: State your judgment: yes, no, or partly.

.....

Reasoning: Explain what the victory changes and what it does not change.

.....

Evidence: Support your answer with details about safety, discoveries, and the cliffs.

.....

2. Are the Accala justified in wanting the explorers to remain on the plateau?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Consider the Accala's need for protection and the explorers' right to return home.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from the chapter to support both sides before giving your final view.

.....

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CHAPTER 9

The Hidden Way Home

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The Hidden Way Home

Professor Challenger eventually led us to a small clearing where hot gas bubbled through a mud pool. Around it he had arranged bamboo tubes, leather straps, and a huge dried membrane made from part of a prehistoric animal.

Summerlee stopped in disbelief. “What is that?”

“Our way down,” Challenger said.

The gas from the ground, he explained, contained hydrogen. He had collected it inside the large membrane to create a balloon. If the balloon could lift one person at a time, perhaps we could descend from the plateau.

Lord John was delighted by the idea. Summerlee called it madness.

Challenger attached a heavy stone to the balloon to test its lifting power. The experiment worked far too well. The balloon shot upwards, pulled Challenger off his feet, and almost carried him into the air. I grabbed Challenger, Lord John grabbed me, and for one ridiculous second all of us were being dragged across the ground together.

Then the rope snapped.

The balloon and stone disappeared into the sky.

Challenger stood up, brushed dirt from his clothes, and looked pleased. “An excellent demonstration,” he said.

Summerlee stared at him. “You nearly killed us.”

“A small technical problem. The principle is proved.”

He promised to build another balloon, but none of us felt completely confident about becoming its passenger.

During these same days I traveled twice to the original cliff to speak with Zambo. He told me that one of our

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messengers had gone to search for stronger ropes and more men. Help should arrive soon.

On my second return journey I met Lord John near the pterodactyl swamp. He was inside his strange cane cage.

“Still studying?” I asked.

“Very seriously,” he said with a smile. He would tell me no more.

When I reached the Accala camp, I noticed that Maretas was waiting for me. He looked around to make sure no one was watching, then touched my arm and pointed towards one of the caves.

I followed him.

He led me up a narrow stair and into a passage deeper than the others. At the back wall he moved several stones and revealed a small opening.

Then he pointed at me, at the opening, and finally downwards. My heart began to beat faster.

“A way out?” I asked, though he could not understand the words. Maretas nodded.

That night I brought Challenger, Summerlee, and Lord John to the place. We carried lamps and rope. Maretas was gone, perhaps to avoid being seen helping us.

The hidden passage was narrow at first, then widened. We moved through darkness for hundreds of meters. At one point part of the tunnel had collapsed, and we had to crawl over loose rock. Beyond it we found a larger natural cave.

Ahead, a red glow seemed to block the passage. We hurried towards it.

“The moon!” Lord John cried.

A round opening in the cliff showed the full moon outside. We had found a second exit from the plateau.

The opening was too small to have been noticed easily from below, and the cliff curved over it. We tested the distance to the ground. With our rope, the descent would be possible.

Summerlee sat down on a rock and laughed with relief.

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“At last,” he said. “A plan that does not involve flying inside a dinosaur.”

We returned quietly to camp. The next day we prepared to leave without telling the Accala leaders. They had treated us generously, but we were no longer sure they would allow us to go.

We took only what we could carry: rifles, ammunition, notebooks, a few specimens, and essential supplies. Challenger insisted on bringing one large wooden case.

“What is inside?” Summerlee asked. “Scientific material.”

“That answer usually means trouble.” Challenger refused to explain.

After dark we climbed to the hidden passage. Before entering, I looked back across the plateau.

Small fires shone near the Accala caves. Beyond them stretched the forest. Lake Gladys reflected the moon. Somewhere in the distance an unknown animal gave a long cry.

I had dreamed of adventure in London, but I had never imagined anything like this place. We had been frightened, injured, trapped, and sometimes divided by argument. Yet the lost world had also changed us. We had learned to depend on one another.

We entered the cave.

Two hours later we reached the opening in the outer cliff. Lord John went first, using the rope. I followed, then Summerlee. Challenger came last, still protecting his heavy case.

When my feet touched the ground below, I wanted to shout. I had not realized how strongly I had missed ordinary earth.

We made our way through the night towards Zambo’s camp. At dawn we saw smoke ahead - not one fire, but many.

A rescue party had arrived with twenty men, ropes, and equipment. Zambo ran towards us with a smile so wide that it seemed to light his whole face.

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“You come back! I knew you would come back!”

For the first time in weeks, we were truly safe.

The return journey to the Amazon was long, but it felt simple after the plateau. We traveled downriver, reached Para, and finally sailed for England.

Challenger guarded his wooden case as if it contained the future of science. Lord John also protected a small box that he refused to discuss.

Summerlee organized his insect and plant specimens. I wrote as much of our story as I could remember.

There was one thing I still thought about often: Gladys.

I had left England hoping to become the kind of man she might admire. I was returning after facing more danger than either of us could have imagined.

I wondered what she would say when she saw me again.

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Explain Challenger's balloon plan and why the first test fails.

.....

2. How does Maretas help the explorers discover a hidden way out of the plateau?

.....

3. Analyze what the hidden passage suggests about the limits of Challenger's scientific plans and the value of local knowledge.

.....

4. To what extent does the chapter show that the explorers have learned to depend on one another?

.....

5. Analyze the significance of Malone looking back at the plateau before entering the hidden passage.

.....

6. Evaluate the explorers' decision to leave the Accala secretly. Was secrecy necessary, even after the Accala had helped them?

.....

7. Evaluate Challenger's insistence on carrying the heavy wooden case during the escape. Was this scientifically responsible or unnecessarily risky?

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. Is Maretas the key person in the explorers' escape?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Compare his contribution with the help given by Challenger, Zambo, or the rest of the team.

.....

Evidence: Use specific events from the chapter.

.....

2. Is Zambo's loyalty as important to the success of the expedition as the scientists' knowledge?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how practical loyalty and scientific intelligence contribute in different ways.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from Zambo's actions and the group's escape.

.....

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CHAPTER 10

Proof Before the World

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Proof Before the World

London welcomed us as if we had returned from another planet. Newspapers printed rumors about the expedition, but many scientists still doubted our story. Damaged photographs, drawings, unusual insects, and bones could all be questioned.

A special meeting was arranged at the Zoological Institute.

The hall was even more crowded than the one where our journey had begun. Professor Summerlee gave the main report. He described our route without revealing the exact location of the plateau. Then he spoke about the animals we had seen: iguanodons, stegosaurs, pterodactyls, giant predators, strange birds, enormous reptiles in the lake, and many new species of insects and plants.

This time Summerlee was not the skeptic. He was a witness. Yet some members of the audience remained unconvinced.

One scientist stood and argued that photographs could be altered, specimens could come from other places, and even honest travelers could make mistakes.

The hall filled with angry voices. Challenger rose slowly.

“What evidence would satisfy you?” he asked. “The animal itself,” the sceptic replied.

Challenger smiled. I knew that smile.

He signaled to me. With Zambo’s help, I brought the heavy wooden case from behind the platform. The same case Challenger had protected during our escape now stood in front of hundreds of people.

The room became silent. Challenger opened the lid.

For a moment nothing happened. Then a leathery head appeared.

A living pterodactyl climbed onto the edge of the box.

The audience froze. Some people screamed. Others stood on chairs to see. The

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animal spread its wings, beat the air, and rose above the platform.

It circled the hall once.

Then it flew towards an open window and disappeared into the London night. No one laughed at Professor Challenger after that.

Our story was proved in the most dramatic way possible.

There was one private matter I had to face after the meeting. I went to Gladys's house expecting - I am embarrassed to admit - a scene of admiration and happiness.

She was surprised to see me. "Edward! You are back." "Yes."

Something in the room felt different. Then a small man stood from an armchair. Gladys looked uncomfortable. "Edward, this is my husband, William Potts."

For several seconds I could say nothing.

She had written to me while I was away, but the letter had never reached me. "I thought you wanted a man of adventure," I said at last.

Gladys gave a small, uncertain smile. "Perhaps I learned that I wanted a quieter life."

William Potts was not an explorer. He was not famous. He had never crossed the Amazon or faced a dinosaur. He was simply the man she had chosen.

I left feeling foolish and hurt.

During the following week, however, my disappointment became less painful. I began to understand something important. I had started the expedition because I wanted to prove myself to Gladys. But the journey had become much larger than

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that. I had faced danger for my friends, worked as part of a team, and seen things no newspaper reporter had ever expected to see.

My life no longer needed Gladys's approval to have value.

A few evenings later, the four explorers met again in Lord John's rooms. After dinner he placed an old box on the table.

"I have one final surprise," he said.

He poured out a group of rough stones. Challenger and Summerlee looked puzzled.

"Remember the blue clay in the pterodactyl swamp?" Lord John asked. "I have seen blue volcanic clay like that before - in a diamond mine. That is why I kept going back."

He had collected the stones secretly and had one tested after our return. It was a valuable diamond.

"The whole group is worth at least two hundred thousand pounds," he said. "Four equal shares."

For once, even Challenger had no immediate reply.

Lord John turned to him. "What will you do with your share?"

"Build a private museum," Challenger said. "A proper home for scientific research." Summerlee smiled. "I will retire from teaching and finish work I have postponed for years."

Lord John nodded. "I intend to organize another expedition to the plateau. Better prepared this time."

Then he looked at me. "And you, Malone? I suppose you will marry and settle down."

I thought of Gladys, then of the red cliffs, the moon over the lake, the dark forest, and the thrill of stepping into the unknown.

"Not yet," I said. "If you will take me, I would rather go with you." Lord John

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reached across the table and shook my hand.

So my first great adventure ended with the promise of another.

When I had asked Gladys what kind of man she could admire, I believed courage was something a person could win like a prize. The lost world taught me otherwise.

Courage is a choice made again and again - when the road is uncertain, when fear is real, and when someone else is depending on you.

I had gone to South America hoping to become a hero.

I came home understanding that adventure was not about looking heroic.

It was about discovering what you were capable of when the world became larger than your plans.

The End

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Chapter Summative

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Why does the living pterodactyl convince the audience when the other evidence does not?

.....

2. Explain how Gladys's marriage changes Malone's understanding of the purpose of his adventure.

.....

3. How did Lord John discover the diamonds and what do the four explorers plan to do with their shares?

.....

4. Analyze the significance of Lord John's diamonds and Malone's decision to join another expedition.

.....

5. Analyze the importance of Summerlee's changing from Challenger's strongest skeptic to a public witness supporting the discovery.

.....

6. To what extent does the ending complete the theme of courage that begins in chapter 1?

.....

7. Evaluate Challenger's decision to use a living pterodactyl as proof at the public meeting. Was it effective and responsible? Explain.

.....

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JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. By the end of the novel, is Malone a hero according to the lesson he has learned about courage?

Justify: State your final judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain what kind of courage the story values.

.....

Evidence: Support your answer with events from the final chapter and at least one earlier chapter.

.....

2. Does the ending suggest that personal growth is more valuable than fame, love, or wealth?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain what Malone gains from the expedition compared with what he first wanted.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from Gladys, the public success, the diamonds, and Malone's final decision.

.....

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Novel Summative Assessment

Answer all 20 questions in complete sentences. For analysis, evaluation and JRE questions, support your ideas with relevant evidence from a cross the novel.

1. Answer the following questions.

1. Why did Malone first want to take part in a dangerous adventure, and how did this lead him to Professor Challenger?

.....

2. How does Challenger use Maple White's evidence to convince Malone that the lost world may really exist?

.....

3. Explain why the expedition becomes trapped on the plateau and how Zambo helps the explorers survive after the bridge is destroyed.

.....

4. Why does Professor Summerlee change from Challenger's strongest skeptic into one of the main witnesses supporting his discovery?

.....

5. Explain how the explorers finally escape from the plateau and prove their story after returning to London.

.....

6. Analyze how Malone's motivation changes from the beginning of the novel to the end. What does this change reveal about his personal growth?

.....

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7. Analyze the relationship between Challenger and Summerlee. How does their disagreement both create conflict and strengthen the search for scientific truth?

.....

8. To what extent do Lord John Roxton and Zambo contribute to the success of the expedition in different but equally important ways?

.....

9. Analyze how the contrast between ordinary life in London and life in the lost world develops the novel's ideas about courage, discovery, and identity.

.....

10. Analyze the theme of evidence versus belief throughout the story, from Challenger's first claims to the appearance of the living pterodactyl in London.

.....

11. Evaluate Malone's decision to join the expedition. Considering what he knows at the time, was it a wise decision or an unnecessarily dangerous one? Give reasons.

.....

12. Evaluate Professor Challenger as a leader. Do his intelligence and determination outweigh his pride, secrecy, and difficult behavior? Support your view.

.....

13. Evaluate the explorers' decision to become involved in the conflict between the Accala and the ape- men. Was their involvement justified? Explain your judgment.

.....

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14. Evaluate Challenger's decision to keep the exact location of the plateau secret. Was protecting the lost world more important than openly sharing the discovery with others?

.....

15. Evaluate the decision to bring a living pterodactyl to the public meeting as proof. Was it the most effective and responsible way to convince the scientific community? Explain.

.....

JRE (Justify, Reasoning & Evidence)

2. Answer the following questions. Justify your answers with clear reasoning and evidence from the chapter.

1. By the end of the story, can Malone truly be described as a hero?

Justify: State your final judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain what qualities the story suggests a real hero should have.

.....

Evidence: Support your answer with events from at least three different chapters.

.....

2. Does the story suggest that curiosity is stronger than fear?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how curiosity influences the explorers when they face danger or uncertainty.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from at least two major discoveries or dangerous situations.

.....

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3. Is teamwork the main reason the expedition succeeds?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain why individual courage alone would or would not have been enough.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence involving at least three members of the expedition.

.....

4. Does Malone gain something more valuable than the fame, love, or wealth he originally hoped for?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how his goals and values change during the journey.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from the beginning, the expedition, and the ending.

.....

5. Is Summerlee's skepticism necessary for the scientific credibility of the expedition?

Justify: State your judgment.

.....

Reasoning: Explain how questioning extraordinary claims can strengthen or weaken the search for truth.

.....

Evidence: Use evidence from Summerlee's behavior before, during, and after the expedition.

.....

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Key Terms

Term	Meaning
plateau	a high area of fairly level land, often surrounded by steep sides
prehistoric	belonging to the time before written history
fossil	the preserved remains or signs of a plant or animal from the distant past
pterodactyl	a flying reptile that lived in prehistoric times
iguanodon	a large plant-eating dinosaur that could walk on two or four legs
stegosaurus	a plant-eating dinosaur with large plates along its back
plesiosaur	a prehistoric water reptile with a long neck and flippers
carnivorous	meat-eating
expedition	an organized journey made for a special purpose, especially exploration or research
specimen	an example of a plant, animal, rock, or other object collected for study

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